

Barry Manilow, Summer Of '78

It was one of those summer's
Lasting forever
Making the winter wait
A summer of music and passion
The summer of '78
You appeared like the summer
Sudden and perfect
And not a day too late
I swear there was music when I found you
That summer of '78
It seem we floated through the days
And nights were always filled with stars
And it seemed every song they played on the radio
Was ours
It was one of those summer's
Only for lovers
Touched by the hand of faith
And now when the winter's are long
I remember the summer of '78